

AIRS, DUETS,
AND
CHORUSSES;
IN A NEW
MUSICAL FARCE,
CALLED AN
ESCAPE into PRISON.

As performed at the THEATRE-ROYAL,
COVENT-GARDEN.

Samuel
The MUSIC by Mr. REEVE.

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1797.

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Harding D728



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Abeville	-	<i>Mr. Incledon.</i>
Don Lewis	- -	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
Don Juan	- -	<i>Mr. Claremont.</i>
Parroquet	- -	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
Fabio	- -	<i>Mr. Clarke.</i>
Postillion	- -	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>
Corrigidor	- -	<i>Mr. Davenport.</i>
Jailor	- -	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
Grim	- -	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
Porter	- -	<i>Mr. Abbot.</i>
Leonora	- -	<i>Mrs. Mountain.</i>
Inis	- -	<i>Miss Simms.</i>

SONGS, &c.

IN AN

ESCAPE into PRISON.

A C T I.

AIR—INIS.

WITH downcast eye the cloister'd nun,
Counts her beads in solemn pace;
Years in rigid penance run,
Wrinkled grief despoils her face!
No such moping life for me,
Give me scenes that ever vary,
Let me frolic gay and free,
Tired of being single, marry;
Every moment winged with pleasure,
Link'd to joy the hours be seen,
Tripping in Fandango measure,
To the merry, merry mandolin.

II.

II.

Thro' their grates, poor souls, they sighing,
 Oft repeat a tender tale ;
 Breathe a wish that, uncomplying,
 They'd refus'd to take the veil ;
 Lord, no such &c.

AIR—COUNT.

IN the mirror, where fondly oft' gazes the
 fair,
 To adjust in gay ringlets her soft silken
 hair,
 Parent nature resigning to arts foster care,
 The aid beauty's self must approve.
 The mirror, so frequently dimmd by a
 sigh,
 The bright glass reflecting a far brighter
 eye,
 Only gaze, charming vision! you there will
 espye,
 The angelic face of my love.

II.

Or when beauty wanders with soft pensive
 mien,
 Cool Zephyr to woo, while the night's sil-
 ver queen,
 On the lake's buoyant bosom, resplendent
 is seen,
 In ripples disdaining to move;
 Inviting, should solitude's charms be the
 theme,
 Your footsteps might lead to the margin's
 extreme,
 Only gaze, and you'll view in the pure
 glassy stream,
 The angelic form of my love!

DUET—LEONORA AND INIS.

WHEN griefs stormy tempest rages,
 Varied pangs the bosom gnaw,
 Cheering hope its rage assuages,
 With "Je ne m'en souci pas."

II.

Gayly sorrows tear upbraiding,
Music lulls the every pang,
Joy's guittar blythe serenading,
Sweetly tinkles, ting, ting, tang!

AIR—COUNT.

WHEN the trumpet sounds to arms,
Mars, with valour steel my breast,
Bellona, then, display your charms,
In every martial terror drest.
Yet in pity's steps I'll tread,
Nor in blood my faulchion lave,
When a prostrate foe shall plead,
My greatest glory be to save.

The cannon's thunder ne'er can fright,
 When my Country bids me on,
 The clangor of the raging fight,
 Shall cheer me till the battle's won :
 Then if gasping on the field,
 A comrade draws his latest breath,
 To soft humanity I'll yield,
 And weep for a brave foldier's death.

SONG—PARROQUETT.

WHEN heated the blood with the juice o
 the barrel,
 'Mong box-lobby gemmen contention
 runs high,
 They swaggering, reel themselves into a
 quarrel,
 With a blow, " You're a scoundrel," or
 dam'me you lie,"
 Exchange Cards—" Distraction !
 " I axe fatisfaction !
 " To give one the lie, Sir !"
 " I didn't, that's flat !"
 " You did"—and " Oh fie, Sir !"
 " You lie, I did not."

" My honor, without it, I scorn for to
live,

" Pistols, Wogdens, with seconds,—to-
morrow, at five,"

They part, and rage begins to cool,
Reflection blames the strife,

" Zounds, what a flat! Oons, what
a fool!

" To risque one's precious life!

" To-morrow

Brings sorrow,

" With shakings and quakings already 'tis
rife,

" I'd rather have quarrel'd with Pol or my
wife."

The hour soon arrives, and the combatants
meet,

White as foolscap young Quildrive, Sheers,
pale as a sheet!

Their seconds from sympathy sharing the
fear!

Like two aspin leaves trembling, bring up
the rear.

Now the paces are measur'd, a charming
long shot,

And the two Mandarins shivering, stand on
the spot.

'Till the Seconds in whispers (to lose cult...
loth,)

Hint the peaceable wishes, huzza ! of them
both,

They quick face about with a resolute stare,
And boldly their pistols discharge in the
air !

What an action ! how endearing !

Seconds sweetly interfering !

Daddles shaking,

No more quaking,

Shivering, quivering trepidation !

Chang'd to wond'rous admiration !

Alexander !

Mars ! Cassander !

Cæsar, Pompey, Coriolanus,

Brutus, Scipio Africanus,

Pocock, Drake,

Wolfe, Hawke and Blake,

Lord Duncan, Howes, Yorke, brave St.

Vincent,

Were never offer'd half the incense,

Then laughing,

Quaffing,

Paragraphing,

Tales inventing,

Complimenting,

Fame trumps their valour thro' the town;
 As was expected,
 Cool, collected,
 They met, shook hands, and no harm done.

AIR—Leonora.

My throbbing heart,
 With anxious beat,
 Pit, pit, pat in my breast,
 Seems to impart,
 A glowing heat,
 All wintry coldness to defeat;
 Rest, little tremble rest!
 Ah! why thy mistress thus reprove?
 Thyself betray'd her into love.

II.

And, treach'rous eyes,
 Why would you gaze?
 How did you dare intrude?
 Why heave these sighs?
 Thy feeble rays,
 Daring to combat Phœbus' blaze,
 And court inquietude!
 Ah! why thy mistress thus reprove?
 You gazed, and tempted her to love.

FINALE.

Grim. In vain the culprit may essay,
To shun, me in an evil hour—
Like fate I fasten on my prey,
The trembling victim of my pow'r.

Post. Hey! whip and spur you drove my
lad!

Grim. The cup of sorrow soon they'll
drink,

Inis. Indeed, indeed, 'twill drive me mad!

Leon. Inis I know not what to think.

Inis and Leon.

You surely have made some mistake?

Post. and Grim.

Guilt in each gesture did we spy,

Leon. Burst heart!

Inis. I'm sure my lace will break,

Post. and Grim.

Make yourself easy, soon they'll die.

Leon. My spirits sink!

Inis. Iago, a chair!

Grim. Imprison'd then } to trial brought.
Post. Full drive th'll be }

Leon. You arm, ah me!

Inis. A little air!

Grim and Postillion.

Found guilty—what a glorious thought !
They'll suffer—pray ma'am, dont you sigh

All. The rattling wheels I hear depart,

Leon. Flows, tears !

Inis. I, too, can only cry—

Inis and Leon.

Heigho ! it breaks my aching heart,

Grim and Post.

Ha, ha ! it glads my bounding heart !

A C T II.

SONG—JAILOR.

LET me own but a cask, I'll ne'er carry
the cag,

My friend is a flask of good liquor,
If mutual affection may make a man brag,
I'm sure no two friends can be thicker ;
I find him in lodgings, he finds me in keep,
He sets me in spirits, I set him to sleep,

Tho' he oft' knocks me up, why I tip him
a roll,

To be dead drunk, you know, never in-
jures a soul.

Sing fol de rol lol,

And hey down derry

Tol de rol lol,

We always are merry,

So, push round the bottles, and empty the
bowl.

II.

When dull melanchollic, and what not the
case;

He flies to my aid, who can do more ?

Pale with grief, Lord, he often has reddened
my face,

And made it shine full of good humour.

When thoughtful, he's taught me more
pleasant to think,

When thirsty, the friend he's to ask me to
drink ;

'Tis joy, from his friendship such marks to
receive,

And I'll die but he's taught me the way
how to live

Sing fol de rol lol,
And hey down derry,
Tol de rol lol

We always are merry,
"Then success to our friends" in a bumper
i'll give.

DUET—PARROQUET AND COUNT.

Par. Lord Sir ! I'm in such a taking !
I shall die soon, I protest ;

Count. Coward ! why thus are you quaking ?

Par. 'Tis the pain I've in my chest ;
Rumbling, jumbling,
Yet no grumbling ;

Count. Soon sure some one will approach,

Par. Dear ! what ease is !
Shook to pieces,

Pray Sir, wa'n't we by the coach ?

Count. The kiss which she gave, when by
heaven,

From her angelic form I was
borne,

I languish, as pure as 'twas given,
Untainted, again to return.

Par. I dont envy lover's bliffes,
 Whining like your lobby blocks,
 We've no places ta'en for kiffes,
 Wont you, Sir, give up your
 Box?

Both. Some light to guide us, Seek I
 vainly,
 To pilot safe my drifted bark;
 No ray appearing, tells us plainly,
 That we both are in the dark.

QUARTETTO.

Jailor. Come be alive—another bottle,

Par. If we thrive,
Parroquet and Fabio.

'Twill save my throttle;

Inis. I'm all terror and dismay,
Parroquet and Fabio.

And so are we—boy, lead the way.

Jailor. Hush! be alive—dont make a clat-
 ter;

Inis. 'Tis strange how you got here, no
 doubt,

Parroquet and Fabio.

How we got here is no matter,
 All we want is, to get out.

Par. I grieve ! but the best friends must
part !

Inis. From such indulgencies to fly—

Par. 'Tis to avoid an aching heart,

Jailor. Come be alive ! Adieu ! good bye !

FINALE.

Count. Glad, let's rejoice, our danger's
o'er,

And apprehension rules no more,

Bright beauty's smile

Shall mirth beguile,

Dimpled joy begin her reign.

Leon. Then in concert gay, join the sportive
lay !

May the love-fraught lute rest no long-
er mute

And the blythe bells ring

With a merry, merry ding

To the notes of our grateful
strain.

CHORUS.

Then in concert gay, &c

Par. Entrunk'd chin-deep in a dungeon's
gloom,
How my merit wanted elbow room!
Realeas'd, that's clear,
And free from fear,
No ugly twitch I feel.

Inis. Then, in sportive play, gladly join
our lay,
Each approving hand will our thanks
command
While the blythe bells ring,
With a merry, merry ding,
Crown our hopes with the glad'ning
peal.



etc

(15)

For the sake of the dear old
land, the mother of us all,
And the dear old sea,
Let us all be true to her,
And let her name be
Hallowed in our hearts.

For the sake of the dear old
land, the mother of us all,
And the dear old sea,
Let us all be true to her,
And let her name be
Hallowed in our hearts.



Crown our heads with the
feet.

